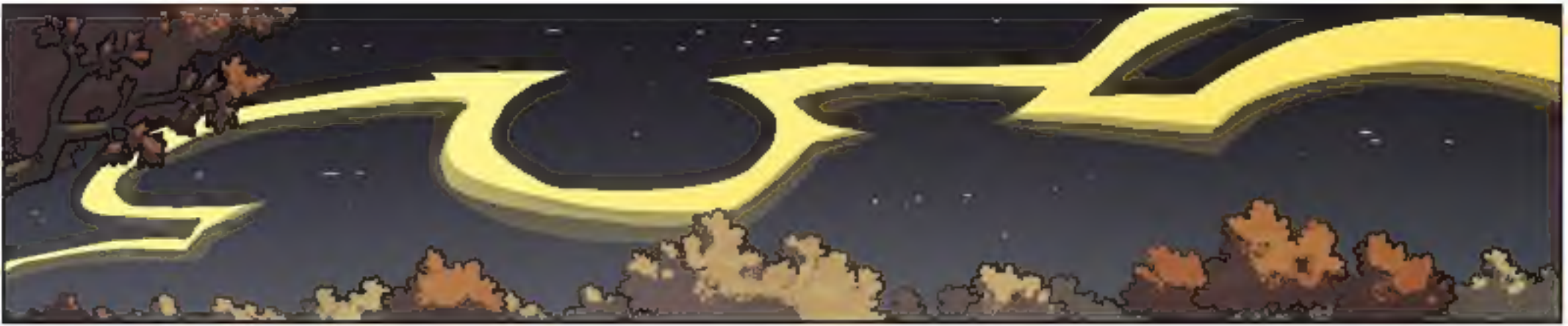
THE SWORD INTERVAL

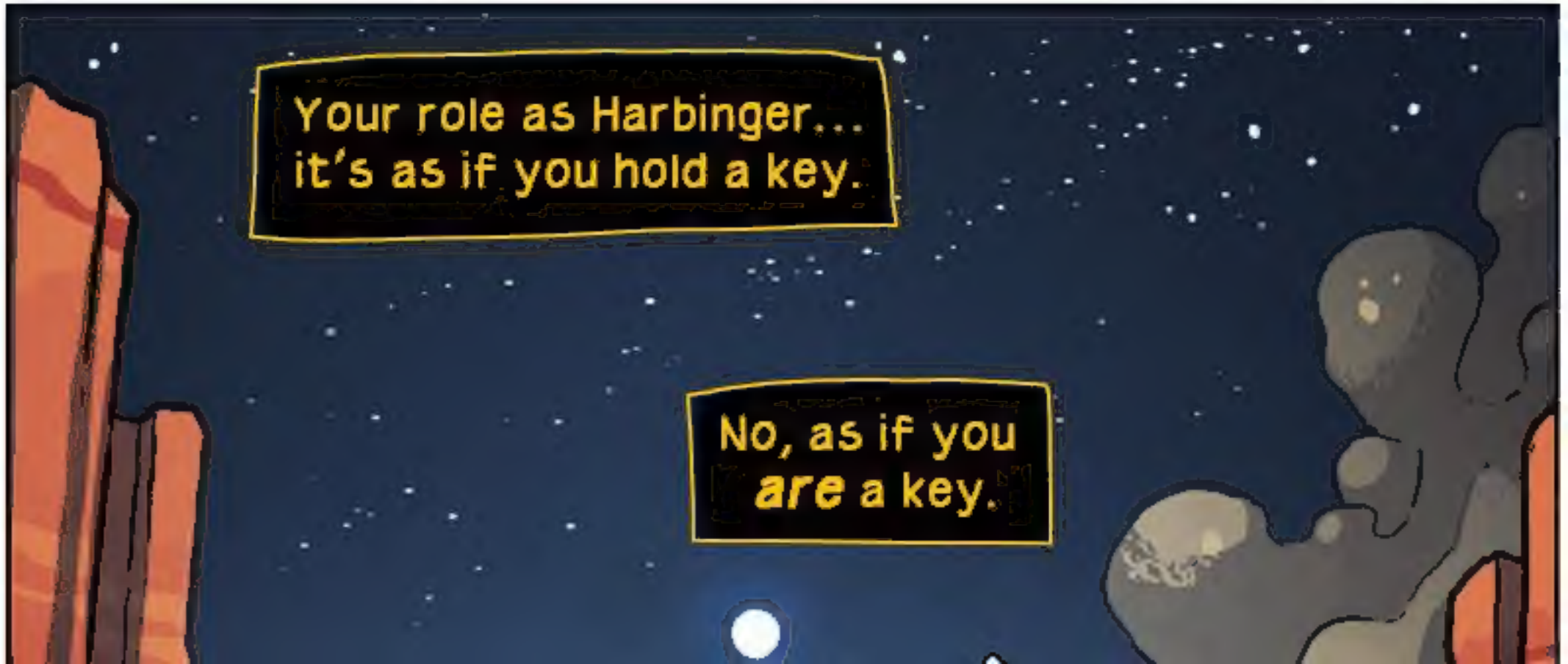
BY BEN FLEUTER

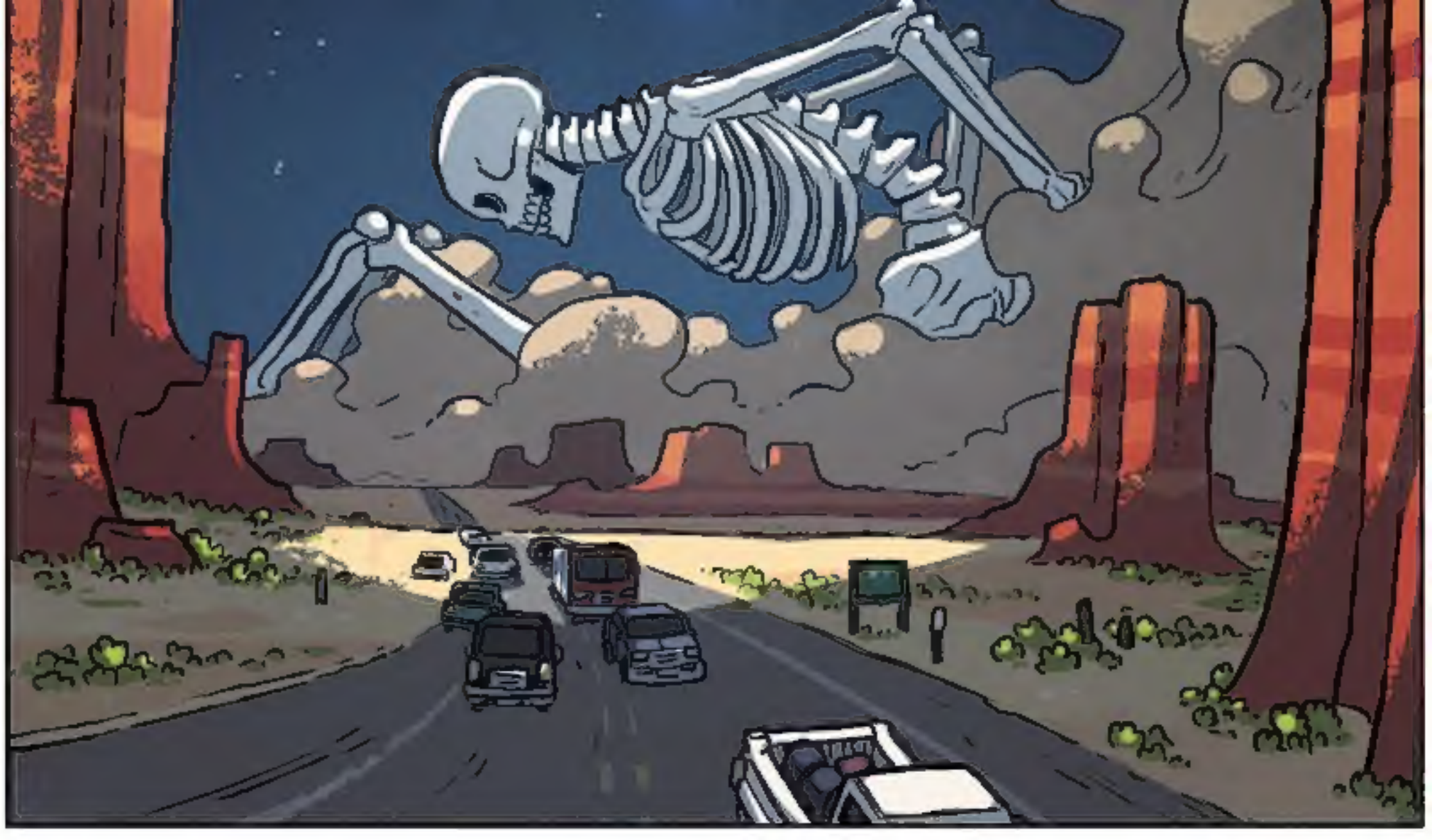


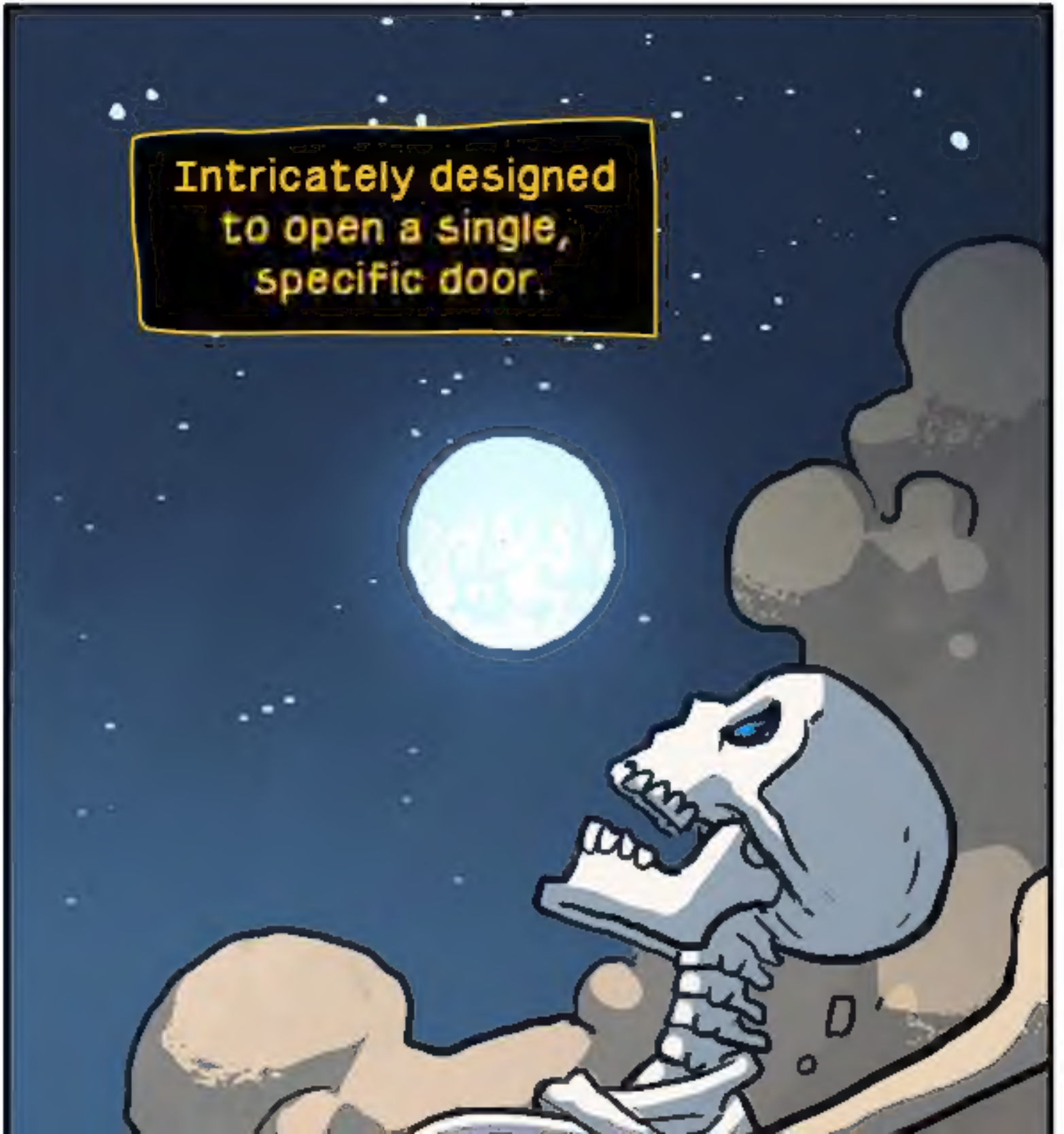
What did you do...

WHAT DID YOU DO?!
What did I do?

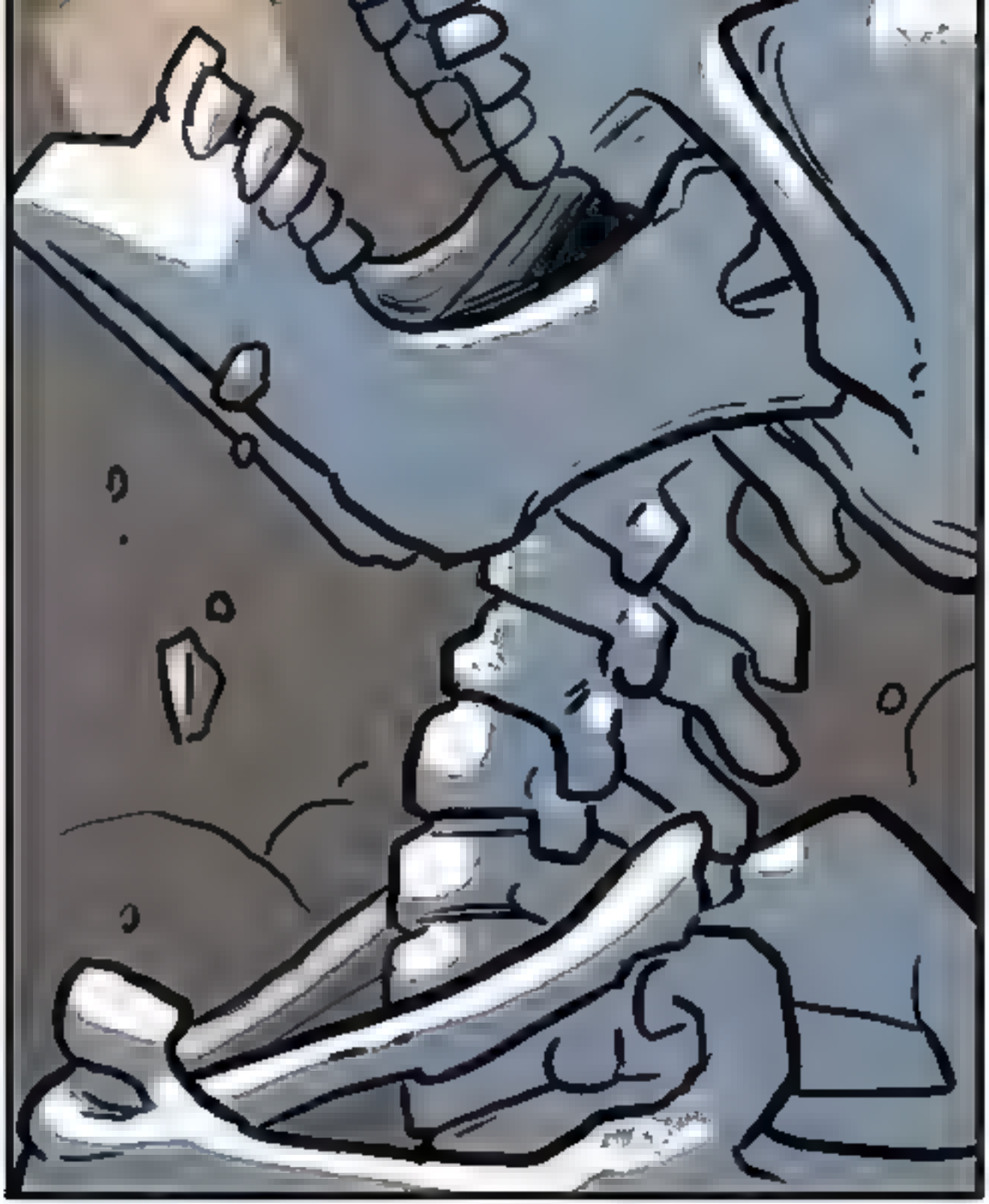
Ah... how to put it.


Your role as Harbinger... it's as if you hold a key.
No, as if you *are* a key.



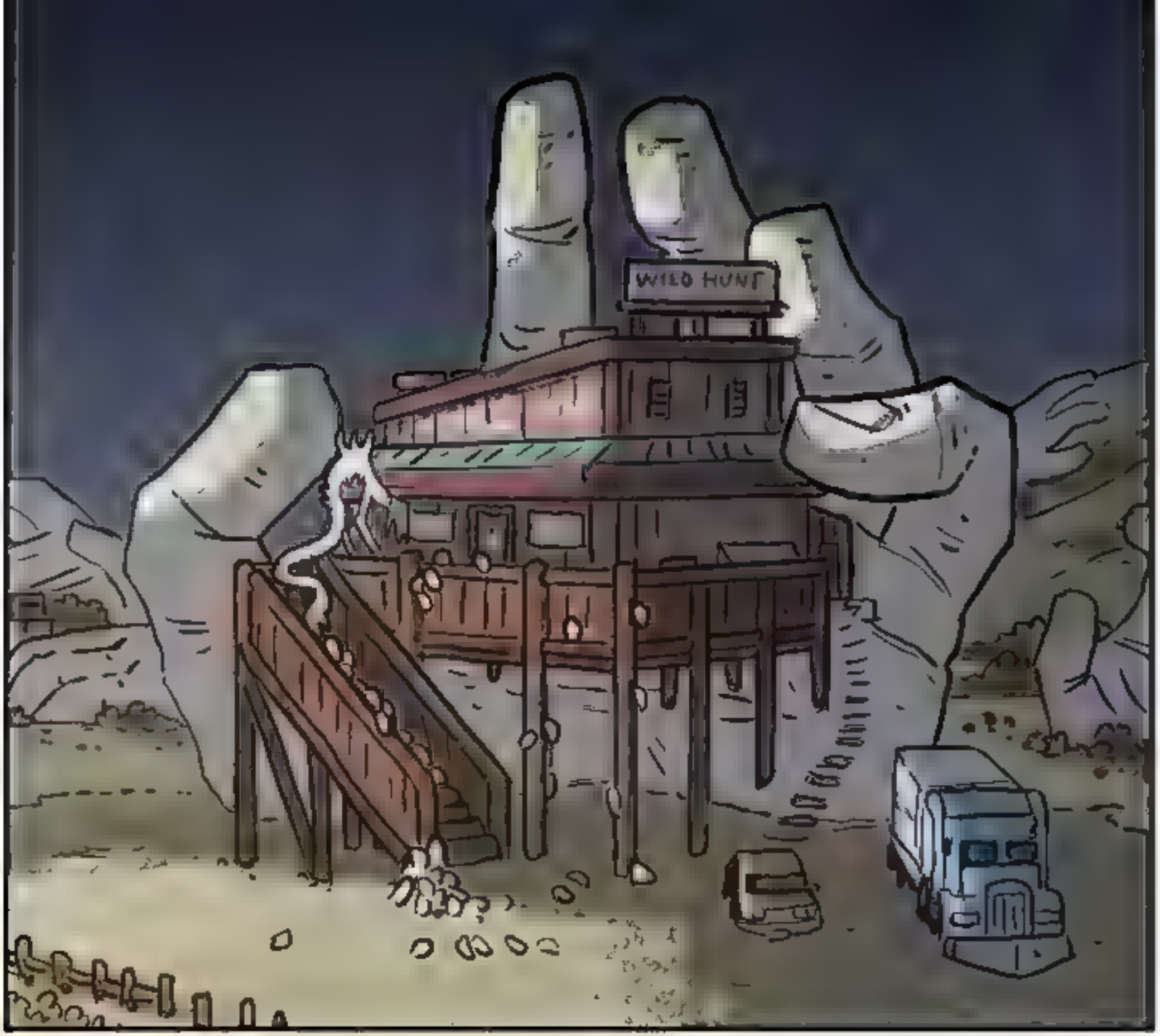

Intricately designed to open a single, specific door.

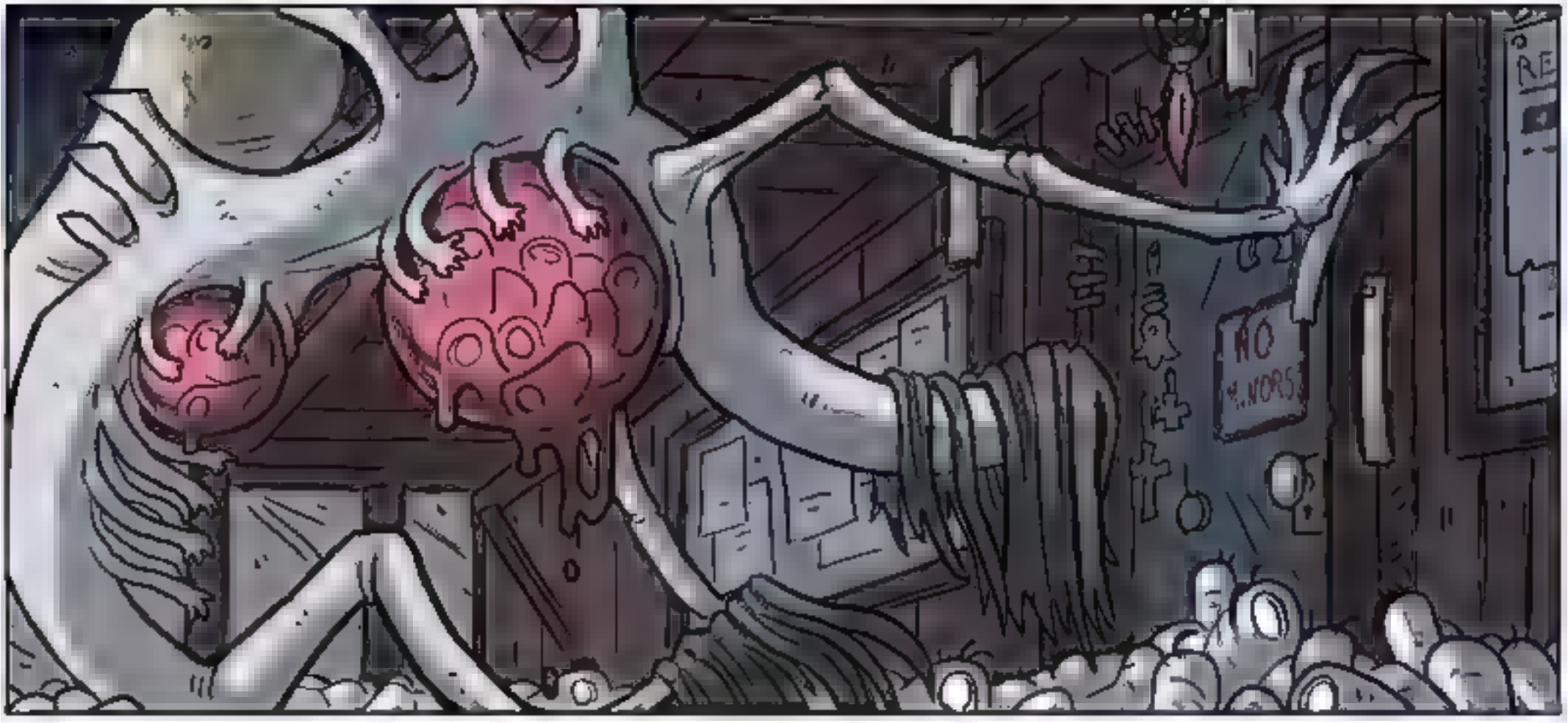
What I have set in motion is more akin to a battering ram.



I coaxed one of your brethren to lash out.

Raw and furious.


WILD HUNT

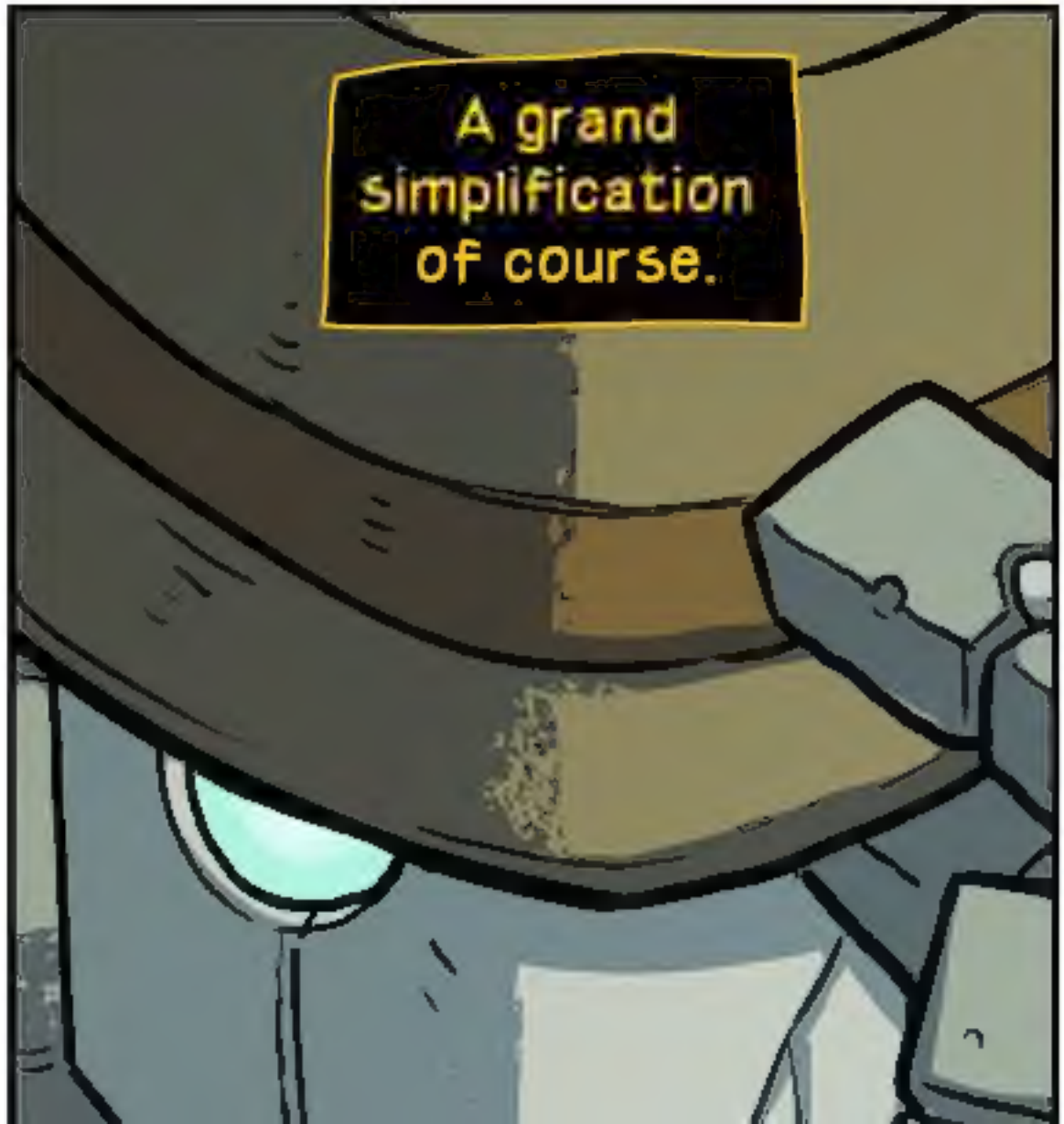

NO
MINORS

With every assault the door shudders and buckles.

Oh, It will hold.
It was built sturdy.
It will keep at bay what
it was meant to.

But the lesser beings... the vermin...
PARK BAR

They wiggle their way through the widening cracks.


A grand simplification of course.

For in a way
the vermin have
always been here.

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